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1915







Amateur  
Series.

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## Sing a Song of Seniors



T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

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Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23
Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. ....	3 2

# SING A SONG OF SENIORS

A COMEDIETTA

FOR GIRLS

BY

LINDSEY BARBEE

AUTHOR OF

*"After the Game," "At the End of the Rainbow," "The Dream That  
Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "The Kingdom  
of Heart's Content," "The Thread of Destiny," "A  
Trial of Hearts," "When the Clock Strikes  
Twelve," "In the College Days."*



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# SING A SONG OF SENIORS

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## CHARACTERS.

PEGGY HOOD.....  
BARBARA AYERS.... }  
CONSTANCE CARY... } *Seniors of Mrs. Cole's Fashionable*  
JANE RAY..... } *School for Young Ladies.*  
CECILE ROSE..... }  
MISS ROMNEY..... *A Member of the Faculty*  
MRS. COLE..... *Principal of the School*

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PLACE—*Sitting room of the suite belonging to Peggy Hood and Barbara Ayers. The first night of the school year.*

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TIME—*The Present.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

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JUL 29 1915



## STORY OF THE PLAY.

It is the first night of the school year in a girls' seminary and some of the girls have planned a lark in honor and celebration of their reunion after the summer vacation. A girlish looking stranger—presumably a freshman—enters the room under the impression that it is her own. Confused at the mistake, she is about to withdraw hurriedly, when the girls, foreseeing a lark, pounce upon her and attempt to impose a mild form of hazing by forcing her to undergo a mock examination. Ridiculous questions are propounded, and just as the fun is at its height the Principal of the school enters and, greeting the stranger cordially, introduces her as the new member of the faculty.

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## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

PEGGY HOOD—A trifle slow and languid.

BARBARA AYERS and CONSTANCE CARY—Active and full of life.

JANE RAY—Rather given to contrariness.

CECILE ROSE—Typical society girl.

MISS ROMNEY—Slight and girlish in appearance.

MRS. COLE—Stately, dignified and middle-aged.

All the girls except CECILE wear simple school dresses, preferably middy blouses or sailor suits. BARBARA may wear a large work apron if desired. CECILE appears in a fashionable tailored suit and hat, with fancy blouse. MISS ROMNEY wears a simple house gown. MRS. COLE, a black dress with a touch of white and carries a lorgnette.

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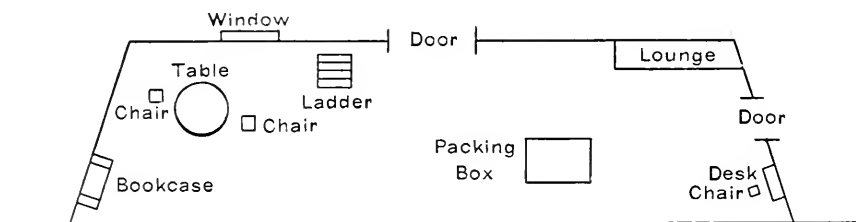
## PROPERTIES.

Lounge with pillows, packing box, desk and chair, curtained bookcase, table, a large chair, a smaller chair, step-ladder, window curtains, chafing-dish, hassock, clock, lamp,

books, globe, picture (Mona Lisa) around packing box. Lemon squeezer, lemons for inside of packing box. Nails for top of table. Lunch cloth for table drawer. Glass, tumblers and box of crackers for inside of bookcase. Hammer for Barbara. Suitcase, box of candy, and umbrella for Cecile. Packages of silver polish for suitcase. Sugar and pitcher for Peggy. Box of dates for Constance. Lorgnette for Mrs. Cole.

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### SCENE PLOT.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.*, means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

# SING A SONG OF SENIORS

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SCENE: *Sitting room in the boarding school suite of PEGGY HOOD and BARBARA AYERS. Door C. in F., leading to hall and at L. leading to bedroom. Window R. of C. in F. Lounge with pillows L. of C. in F. Step-ladder R. of C. in F. by window. Table and two chairs down R. Bookcase R. 2 E. Desk and desk chair L. 2 E. Large packing box L. of C. Pretty rug on floor and various adornments characteristic of boarding school girls. Stage well lighted throughout the act.*

*Curtain rises, disclosing BARBARA on top of a step-ladder, adjusting a curtain pole, and PEGGY leaning against the packing box. PEGGY is surrounded by a general confusion of articles, among which one discerns books, pictures, a lamp, a clock, a hassock, a chafing-dish. A large globe on the top of the box towers over one shoulder.*

PEGGY (*sighing and looking around disconsolately*). It doesn't look very encouraging, does it, Bob?

BARBARA (*looking up*). What?

PEGGY (*pointing to the débris*). Why—this mess—

BARBARA (*resuming her task*). No worse than the mess of other years.

PEGGY. Oh, yes, it is! (*Waits for BARBARA to answer.*) It certainly *is*—(*BARBARA shrugs her shoulders and whistles*). Why shouldn't it be?

BARBARA (*indifferently*). Don't know, I'm sure.

PEGGY. By the time one is a senior she is supposed to have accumulated a lot, isn't she?

BARBARA. Everything, I believe—save brains.

PEGGY (*petulantly*). Now, don't spoil the first night of our reunion by sarcasm.

BARBARA (*hammering and hitting her finger*). Profanity *would* be more appropriate, come to think about it.

PEGGY. It's the last time we'll unpack together.

BARBARA (*saragcly*). Which proves that blessings don't always brighten as they take their flight.

PEGGY. Pessimism should never be a part of the Senior's creed—

BARBARA. Nor should sentimentality. (*Long pause. PEGGY languidly piles up books. BARBARA hammers.*)

PEGGY. Bob!

BARBARA. Well.

PEGGY (*coaxingly*). Won't you put this chafing-dish on the table for me? (*Holds out chafing-dish.*)

BARBARA. Now, Peg, here I am at the top of a ladder. Why can't you do it?

PEGGY. It's always easier to come down in the world than to climb up.

BARBARA. Nonsense.

PEGGY. I can't move, I tell you. One foot is under the dictionary; the world is resting on my shoulders, and, besides, I've gained seven pounds.

BARBARA (*descending ladder*). Give it here, then. (*Takes it and places it on table.*)

PEGGY (*sighing*). That's nice of you. I thought maybe the girls would be in and we'd need it.

BARBARA (*turning*). What girls?

PEGGY. The Seniors, of course.

BARBARA. They're not all back. (*Climbs ladder.*)

PEGGY. Jane and Constance are here. Cecile will be in tonight. Counting us, there'll be five—quite enough for a stunt of some sort. (*Pause.*) Bob!

BARBARA. Well.

PEGGY (*pleadingly*). Would you just as soon hang *Mona Lisa*? (*Holds out picture.*)

BARBARA (*shortly*). No, I wouldn't just as soon.

PEGGY (*coaxingly*). Please, Bob—you know I can't get up.

BARBARA. Shake off the world, the flesh, and the devil, if that's what's holding you back.

PEGGY. You'll find the nails right there on the table. (*BARBARA slowly descends the ladder.*) Hang her in that

darkest corner—her grin gets on my nerves. (BARBARA gets nail and hangs picture L. of C. in F.)

BARBARA. Now look here, Peg, if you want anything else done, you'll have to do it yourself. Henceforth I'm not at your service.

PEGGY. While you're up would you mind putting Kipling on the lower shelf? (BARBARA hesitates, then obeys ungraciously.) Thanks. I'm beginning to see the end of my troubles.

BARBARA. *Your troubles!* (Sarcastically.) Aren't you mixed as to ownership?

PEGGY (*sweetly*). What's mine is thine, dear roommate. (BARBARA climbs ladder again and begins to hammer.)

*Enter CONSTANCE C. in F.*

CONSTANCE (*at door*). Hello, there! I heard the sound of the hammer and thought I'd take a peep at the knockers' club.

BARBARA (*waving hammer*). Come in, Connie, and mix with the debris.

CONSTANCE (*entering*). Don't care if I do. What chance have I for that hammer?

BARBARA. None at all. This is an all night's job unless I can get the janitor to help us out.

CONSTANCE. The *janitor*! Honest to goodness, the freshmen are figuratively tearing him limb from limb. He's as popular as the only man at a seaside resort.

BARBARA. Why don't you ask him for *his* hammer?

CONSTANCE. I did. He's loaned it and can't remember who borrowed it. (*Throws herself on lounge.*)

PEGGY. How fortunate for us!

BARBARA (*suspiciously*). Look here, Peg, do you mean to say that—

PEGGY (*interrupting*). I'm the one who did the borrowing. I certainly am. Never for a moment did I dream that such luck would attend us.

CONSTANCE. It isn't fair that you should have the monopoly of that hammer. Unless you promise it to me—*instantly*—I'll reveal the whereabouts of the guilty party.

PEGGY. Don't stoop to blackmail. We'd promise it anyway. Connie (*turning*), would you mind putting this clock on the top of the bookcase? (*Holds out clock as CONSTANCE rises reluctantly and takes it, subsequently placing it on bookcase.*) And the hassock over there by the big chair? (*CONSTANCE obeys.*) And, oh, could you lift this lamp to the table? (*CONSTANCE takes extended lamp and does as requested.*) Oh, that's good of you.

BARBARA (*descending ladder*). Peg, this grafting is getting to be a nuisance. You've got to rise to the occasion—right now, too. I'll put the world where it belongs (*places the globe on the desk*) and remove the dictionary (*places it on lower shelf of bookcase*), and even lend a helping hand. (*Grasps her hand.*) Get up!

PEGGY (*rising*). You make me tired, Bob.

BARBARA. Well, you've been making me tired ever since you took the lid off that old box.

*Enter JANE C. in F.*

JANE (*at door*). What a noisy set you are. Do you keep it up all the time? I'm just moving across the hall and—

PEGGY. Why on earth are you moving across the hall, Jane? (*Perches on side of box.*) The value of real estate in this vicinity will go down.

JANE (*as she seats herself on lounge*). Thanks for those welcoming words. Why, I've no reason at all for changing my room. I was entirely satisfied.

CONSTANCE. Then why—

JANE. Just this. I didn't want the school authorities to think me too complacent and happy; so I complained. Your value goes up a notch or two if you complain.

BARBARA (*mounting ladder*). This is a bully good corridor, Jane. Miss Emery is deaf in one ear and very absent-minded.

JANE. I prefer my jailors with faculties unimpaired.

CONSTANCE. And it's mighty convenient to the back stairs. (*Sits in chair L. of table.*)

JANE. Preferring to be open and above board, this is no inducement to me.

PEGGY. Well, you certainly can't find anything against the crowd.

JANE (*placidly*). I'm not so sure of that.

BARBARA. You old knocker; you're worse than the whole anvil chorus.

JANE. And I came to borrow a hammer.

CONSTANCE. Go to the foot of the line. Little Connie's beat you to it.

JANE (*rising*). Then I'll ask the janitor for his.

PEGGY *Do*. He's just crazy about lending it.

JANE (*crossing to back of table*). Got your chafing-dish, haven't you? Any eats?

BARBARA. Maybe so. Better hang around.

JANE. Might as well. I'm in no particular hurry, anyway. (*Stands by table.*)

*Enter CECILE C. in F.*

CECILE (*advancing to C. and dropping suitcase, box of candy and umbrella*). Girls! (*All rush to embrace her.*)

PEGGY. Cecile! You dear!

JANE. I sure am glad to see you.

CONSTANCE. You blessed old roommate!

BARBARA. Stand off—and let me look at you. (*Pulls CECILE R. of C.*) My! But you're reeking with Paris!

PEGGY (*pushing CECILE into chair L. of table*). Sit right down and tell us everything. Take off your hat. (*Unpins her hat.*)

BARBARA (*taking it*). And let me try it on. (*Puts on the hat, draws up hassock and sits at CECILE's feet.*) Did you have a grand time abroad?

CECILE. Perfectly wonderful. (*Takes off her coat.*)

JANE (*taking CECILE's coat and placing it on lounge*). Did you learn a lot? (*Sits on lounge.*)

CECILE (*laughing*). Why—I forgot to notice.

CONSTANCE (*perching on arm of CECILE's chair*). Can you speak French like a native?

CECILE. Depends on the native.

PEGGY (*leaning against packing box*). And aren't you glad to be back?

CECILE (*rapturously*). *Glad!* Honest, I don't know how I've stayed away from you all so long. When Dad put me on the train last night I wept buckets and streams, until he almost decided to let me stay. But *now!* Well, I'd have to be paid to leave you.

BARBARA. What did you buy?

CECILE. Scads of glad rags—

JANE (*rising*). Let's look at them. (*Kneels by suitcase at C.*)

CECILE. Oh, don't open that!

JANE. Why shouldn't I open it? Isn't it yours?

CECILE. No. Can't you *see* that it isn't? (*Points to it.*)

JANE (*reading initials*). J. C. D. Who on earth is J. C. D.?

CECILE (*mysteriously*). That's just it. Who is he? I feel exactly like one of the George Barr McCutcheon heroines.

CONSTANCE (*joining JANE at C.*). But what are you doing with this suitcase?

CECILE. Fate hurled it into my hands.

BARBARA. Don't be silly. Did you steal it?

PEGGY. Have you eloped and changed your initials?

CECILE. No—to both questions. (*Leans her head on her hand and gazes dreamily into space*). Oh, but he was a stunner! Gibson and Fisher style all rolled into one.

JANE. Go on! (*Sinks on floor.*)

CECILE. He and his suitcase had the section opposite mine.

BARBARA. I hope you weren't weeping the aforesaid buckets and streams when he first appeared. Red eyes don't make a hit.

CECILE. Don't you worry about me. Merry sunshine wasn't in it when compared to my beaming smile. (*Pause.*) He was awfully reserved.

CONSTANCE. *That* means he wouldn't flirt. (*Seats herself on suitcase.*) Proceed.

CECILE. And I'm positive he's a Yale man. Everything about him fairly screamed of college.

PEGGY. But didn't anything *happen?*



CECILE. There wasn't time for much to happen. He rode only two stations, and just as I was deciding what to wear when I should lead the junior prom with him, it was time to get off. (*Pauses.*)

JANE (*impatiently*). Well?

CECILE. The porter mixed our suitcases. That's all. Nevertheless, I see—possibilities, and football games, and Yale week ends, and—

BARBARA (*starting up*). Let's open it.

CECILE (*holding her back*). I'm dying to, but I'm scared.

CONSTANCE (*getting off suitcase*). Nonsense. (*Lifting it.*) Heavens, but it's heavy. How did you ever carry it?

CECILE (*releasing BARBARA, who immediately seizes the suitcase*). I dragged it most of the time. I didn't know men's things were so heavy. Still, I suppose all his toilet articles are gold-tipped. (*Rises and stands back of girls.*)

PEGGY (*joining group around suitcase*). More likely that his shoes are inside.

CECILE. Well, here goes, anyway. (*Counts.*) One, two, three! (*Girls wrench open the suitcase with an effort and gaze inside.*) Oh-h-h!

CONSTANCE (*taking out an article*). What can it be? (*Examines it.*) Oh-h! Silver polish!

JANE (*rising*). Cecile, he's a drummer, and—silver polish! Oh! (*Rushes to desk chair at L. 2 E. and collapses laughingly.*)

CECILE. I don't believe it.

CONSTANCE (*rummaging in suitcase*). Oodles of the stuff—just oodles! (*Between shrieks of laughter.*) And the Yale Prom—and the week ends, and—

PEGGY. He must have used some of his own article to make himself so resplendent. (*Returns to packing box and scats herself on it.*)

CECILE. I suppose you think the joke's on me.

BARBARA (*rushing to lounge and falling upon it*). Football games—and the Yale Prom—and—

CECILE. Oh, be still, you idiots. You would have done the same. You know it.

JANE. And he, I suppose, has *your* suitcase with all the foreign labels—

CECILE. And incidentally all the things I brought you people from abroad. Now whom is the joke on?

CONSTANCE (*rising*). Let's drown our sorrows in the flowing bowl. (*Moves to chafing-dish on table.*)

BARBARA. I wish we could. Peg, haven't we anything to offer our guests?

PEGGY. Alas! alas! No alcohol. (*Turns.*) Jane, can you help us out?

JANE. Gave the last I had to my freshman crush.

PEGGY (*turning*). Connie?

CONSTANCE. Swapped mine for a screw driver.

PEGGY. Cecile?

CECILE (*dropping listlessly in chair L. of table*). Don't even suggest *any* kind of spirits after my dull, sickening thud. (*Groans.*) Silver polish! And he was such a peach.

PEGGY (*fishing a paper sack from box*). Here are some lemons—

JANE. Too suggestive of the faculty. Cut 'em out.

CECILE (*pointing to candy box on floor*). There's a box of candy. I haven't opened it; so I don't know how good it is.

JANE. Unknown quantity stuff doesn't go—reminds me of algebra.

CONSTANCE. I'll contribute some stuffed dates. (*Exit C. in F.*)

JANE (*fretfully*). Dates! Why bring up history?

BARBARA (*rising*). Dates! Candy! (*Picks up candy box at C.*) There are some crackers in the bookcase. And lemons! (*PEGGY tosses her the bag.*) Get some water, Peg.

PEGGY. You get it.

BARBARA (*depositing the articles on table*). No, sir—walk off your fat. (*PEGGY walks to door at L. and hesitates.*)

PEGGY. Anyway, we haven't any sugar.

JANE. Stop in my room, Peg. There's some on the closet shelf. (*Exit PEGGY at door in L., appearing shortly with a large china pitcher; she then goes out C. in F.*)

BARBARA. Squeeze the lemons, Jane. You'll find a lemon squeezer in that box. And—oh, yes; here's the chafing-dish to squeeze 'em in. (*Hands JANE the chafing-dish. JANE produces lemon squeezer from box.*)

*Enter CONSTANCE C. in F. with dates.*

BARBARA. Connie, help me roll out this table. (*BARBARA and CONSTANCE roll table to C., placing lamp, nails and part of the chafing-dish on top of the bookcase.*) There are some tumblers in the bookcase, Connie. (*CONSTANCE takes tumblers from bookcase.*) And (*opening table drawer*) here's a lunch cloth—clean, too, for a wonder. (*Spreads table and CONSTANCE places tumblers on it.*) Now, Cecile, arrange the eatables (*CECILE obeys*), not forgetting a garniture of silver polish, my dear. (*CECILE threatens to throw the suitcase at her.*) And I'll get the chairs.

PEGGY *enters C. in F. with pitcher of water and sugar. She and JANE proceed to make the lemonade. The other girls busy themselves in different ways.*

BARBARA. Now, let's see. Connie, you may have *this* chair. (*Pulls chair originally at R. of table, to table, fronting audience. CONSTANCE seats herself.*) I'll pile some pillows on this hassock (*goes to lounge, returning with pillows*), and it won't be half bad, Jane, if you keep your balance. (*JANE seats herself on hassock at extreme R. of table nearest audience.*) We'll let the silver polish queen have the big chair, for she has on her store clothes. (*Pulls big chair for CECILE between CONSTANCE and JANE.*) Drag up the box, Peg. (*PEGGY pushes packing box to extreme L. of table, nearest audience.*) I'll take the step-ladder. (*Pulls step-ladder between CONSTANCE and PEGGY and sits on lower step.*) This is great. Fall to!

PEGGY (*passing candy to JANE*). Sweets to the sweet.

JANE (*passing crackers to PEGGY*). Crackers to the cracked.

CECILE (*passing dates to CONSTANCE*). Have a date with me!

CONSTANCE. A date with a peach—you bet I will.

CECILE. Don't say *peach*. It reminds me of *him*.

BARBARA (*rising*). Let me fill up your glasses. (*Pours lemonade.*) Now, what'll we drink to?

JANE. Ourselves—there's nothing better.

BARBARA. Then here's to ourselves. (*All drink the toast, standing.*) And may it be the best year ever.

PEGGY. One thing is sure—it's the *most* fun being together again. (*All are seated.*)

CONSTANCE. All we need is a—freshman.

JANE. A freshman! How disloyal of you!

CONSTANCE. Not at all. Has there ever been a first night together when we *didn't* have a freshman to—well, *advise*?

CECILE. Yes, *one*—when we ourselves were freshmen.

CONSTANCE. That's another story, as my friend Kipling says. But if a new comer were to happen along right now, after we've eaten, drunk and been decidedly merry, wouldn't it be a lark?

PEGGY. It certainly would. Heaven send us a freshman!

JANE. There are plenty wandering around. In fact, one—

*Enter MISS ROMNEY C. in F.*

MISS ROMNEY. Oh, I beg your pardon. I do; I do. My room is on this corridor and somehow I stupidly confused it with yours. With many apologies I'll withdraw. (*Starts to go.*)

CONSTANCE (*rising*). Not yet, my dear. We've been waiting for you. (*Advances to door and grasps her hand.*)

MISS ROMNEY (*in surprise*). I think there is some mistake.

CONSTANCE. None whatever, little one. The fervency of our welcome extends to all freshmen.

MISS ROMNEY (*laughing*). But I'm not a freshman.

CONSTANCE. Oh, a special, then. In our code, 'twixt freshmen and special there is no difference.

MISS ROMNEY. Really. (*Tries to pull away.*)

CECILE. Tarry a moment. We may have a message for thee.

BARBARA (*rising*). Your name, please. (*Moves to L. of MISS ROMNEY.*)

MISS ROMNEY. I am Miss Romney.

JANE. Is that all? Didn't your parents give you another? How stingy of them.

BARBARA. We waive all formalities here.

CONSTANCE (*sternly*). Therefore—your name.

MISS ROMNEY. Violet.

PEGGY. Modest, shrinking and sweet. Isn't it an ideal name for a newcomer?

CECILE. Introduce us 'round.

CONSTANCE. Of course. How careless of me. (*As she introduces them the girls rise and bow profoundly.*) This is Miss Rose (*indicating CECILE*), exactly like her name, who is a great help in polishing up new students—silver polish preferred. And Miss Ayers (*indicating BARBARA*). No, she has nothing to do with the hair invigorator. Miss Ray (*indicating JANE*), the merry sunshine of the crowd. (*JANE draws hassock to R. 2 E. and seats herself.*) Last but not least, Miss Hood (*indicating PEGGY*). Now, I see by your eye that you're going to ask for some sarsaparilla. You can't have it now, but maybe later, when you really have that "tired feeling." (*PEGGY seats herself in desk chair L. 2 E. CECILE still remains in the large chair. BARBARA and CONSTANCE stand on either side of MISS ROMNEY.*)

BARBARA (*pushing MISS ROMNEY in CONSTANCE's chair*). Now sit here, Violet. There are certain little preliminaries which must be settled before you can become a member of this august institution of learning.

MISS ROMNEY. But you girls don't understand.

CONSTANCE (*loftily*). Seniors understand everything. (*Stands back of MISS ROMNEY.*)

MISS ROMNEY. But—

BARBARA (*interrupting*). And it now devolves upon you to answer the questions that are propounded to you. (*MISS ROMNEY makes gesture of protest.*) Not a word—not a word. (*Stands at MISS ROMNEY's left*). Fellow seniors, if the victim grows obstreperous, use force. (*Impres-*

*sively*.) I shall now present a problem in mathematics, upon the correct solution of which your future welfare depends. *Attention!* Let  $x$  = the freshman intelligence. If this intelligence be made the subject of sophomore *ex*-regesis, junior *ex*periments and senior *ex*tinguishments, find the value of  $x$ .

MISS ROMNEY (*coughing nervously*). Why—I can't—I—

BARBARA. You have heard the answer, my friends. She begs to be *excused*. Strike one!

CONSTANCE (*sternly*). Write the Marseillaise in German.

MISS ROMNEY. I can't—I won't.

CONSTANCE (*sarcastically*). Then perhaps you will put *Die Wacht Am Rhein* into French.

MISS ROMNEY. This is ridiculous.

CONSTANCE. Friends, the candidate has been weighed and found wanting. Her reasoning is slow, her mind is dull.

CECILE. Then polish up a bit. (*Throws her a cake of silver polish.*)

PEGGY (*rising*). Perchance her talent lies in other lines. (*Impressively.*) Name all the important battles since the beginning of time, giving the date of each. (*Sits.*)

MISS ROMNEY (*apparently very nervous*). I never could remember dates.

CECILE. Then cram 'em. It's the only way. Have one on me. (*Throws date to her.*)

JANE (*rising*). For mere relaxation, give Mark Antony's speech in classic Latin; then turn it into indirect discourse. (*Long silence.*) In this case silence is *not* golden. Flunk number five! (*Sits.*)

CECILE (*rising*). One last opportunity remains to the candidate. If she will write a ballad to the Seniors, using the form of iambic pentameter, employing each figure of imagery and embodying various illustrations of prosody, we'll call it square.

MISS ROMNEY (*despairingly*). I can't.

CECILE. There's no such word in our vocabulary. (*Sits.*)

CONSTANCE. Friends, we have before us the saddest of all spectacles—a failure! She has not reached the heights. She has not even started. She has not crossed the Rubicon; instead, she has fallen in. She has not seized upon Opportunity. She has not even waved him a careless greeting. Fettered by incapacity, debarred from achievement, she stands there, abject, humiliated, at whom we point the finger of scorn. (*All point at MISS ROMNEY with accompanying groans.*)

*Enter MRS. COLE C. in F. All but MISS ROMNEY rise.*

MRS. COLE. Young ladies, I knocked several times. Your merriment doubtless muffled the sound.

PEGGY (*in agitation*). Oh, Mrs. Cole—won't—won't you sit down?

MRS. COLE (*seeing MISS ROMNEY*). Why, Miss Romney, I have been looking everywhere for you. Won't you come to my office and go over the schedule of your work? (*Girls gaze at MISS ROMNEY in amazement.*) I am glad that you have been meeting your pupils in an informal way. Glimpses of the real school life are invaluable to the teacher. Miss Romney, young ladies, as you have doubtless discovered, is the new instructor in the English department.

MISS ROMNEY (*rising and holding the package of silver polish*). May I take the polish—as a souvenir? (*Exeunt MRS. COLE and MISS ROMNEY. BARBARA and CONSTANCE gaze at each other in increasing agitation. CECILE sinks limply into the big chair. JANE falls prostrate and PEGGY rushes to packing box and tumbles in.*)

CURTAIN.

# Macbeth à la Mode

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

School burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females, also teachers, students, etc., with only a few lines. Time, 1¼ hours. No scenery required, merely a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes. **Plot:** Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophecy that he will pass his examinations, be elected to a class office and will play on the football team. The first two prophecies come true and in Act II, Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team. Contains five songs: "Fairwell, My Fairy Fay," "Tact," "The Senior Class," "Music and Laughter" and "Good Night," all sung to college airs. This play is very humorous and particularly adapted for schools.

## THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go;  
Mathematics you must know.  
Let X equal the cold stone,  
When will Y be thirty-one?  
Drop that in the mystic pan;  
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
Mathematics makes them trouble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Biology makes 'em cut and jab.  
Thirteen hours a week in lab.  
Latin, Greek and German, too,  
Fifty pages make a stew.  
And to thicken up the mystery.  
Take two chapters English History.  
Physics, French and English Lit,

Spend an hour on each or git.  
All night long from six to three,  
Study math and chemistry.  
In the hours when you should  
dream,  
Write an English twelve-page  
theme.  
Work at night and Sunday, too;  
Outside reading you must do.  
Next day, when you're on the  
bunk,  
Teacher springs exam—you  
flunk.  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
High school life is full of trouble.  
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,  
Then the charm is thick and  
good.  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way  
comes.

## Reminiscences of the Donation Party

By JESSIE A. KELLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

The soliloquy of a minister's wife, with tableaux. For 40 or more characters, both sexes, although the number is optional and it can be presented with a smaller cast. Time, about 35 minutes. The wife at the side of the stage recounts the many amusing incidents of the party, tells who attended and what they brought, etc. The characters appear in pantomime. This entertainment is unique. It fills the demand for something that can be put on "at the last moment." It eliminates the usual long preparations required in producing a play; no parts to memorize and it can be played on any platform. Highly humorous, replete with local hits and strongly recommended for church societies.

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# The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 1 interior, 2 exteriors. **Characters:** Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissy, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

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# Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Characters:** Prologue and the Awakening: Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. **The Dream:** Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

## STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis heah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

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# The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions. Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

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# A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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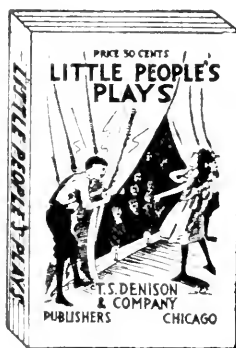
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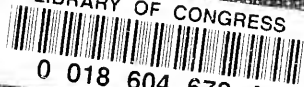


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